

6#



RICE HARVESTER

Page 20

man this sucks #1



DONT worRy aBOUT IT DUdE he'S JUST SOME FUCkIN kid

well i guess i have always wanted to do a zine for some reason. i always get inspired by my friends but have been too self conscious to write about my stupid life. until one day i was in the middle of a pretty fun trip down south. i had taken tons of pictures. & was feeling like maybe i was doing something worth writing about. so i decided to dig myself into a hole of shit by asking GREG to do a split zine. GREG is a tiny bit more organized than me when it comes to writing... any way we decided to do it & i got home & started writing like hell. it was going great but GREG & i forgot to talk about page #5. HMMM. my side was about 3 times longer than his... so GREG came up to Bloomington ready to start printing & i decided to start all over that was on the 1st of FEB 2002. on the 8th. of FEB i lied to GREG. i told him i was on page 9 just so he wouldn't be nervous i knew he wanted to leave town soon & i hadn't even started yet. the next day i went through the only two journals of mine that i could find and accidentally wrote three pretty long stories. fuck man, i was pretty much out of room. & i still had all these stories i wanted to write. i figured sense this is my first zine ever im suppose to write romantic punk rock tales of smashin the state. im supposed to let you all know what i believe so i can rack up the points but we'll get to all that some other time first of all im just gonna let you know who i am. when im at home (Bloomington, IN) i am usually just a boring kid who hangs out listening

There was this big
guy passed out on your
porch with no socks on.



ME IN AN ABANDONED
BUILDING IN CHATTANOOGA
PICTURE BY MATTIE

ONE TIME this dude said, "I wish I could live like you and travel all the time and not worry about anything. I thought about this and got pissed off when I was paying rent, worrying about everything, not moving around at all, and working 5 or 6 days a week. Plus, I'm not special. Anyone can go out and do the stupid shit that I do. Really, try it. Anyway, I was a wreck. Everyday, as I made another fucking Reuben for another fucking cop or lawyer, I would think, "Why am I not playing in my band or traveling to some far off land or living my fucking dreams that plague my mind everyday? No, I'm making sandwiches for assholes and sleeping in my bed every night. It's nice to have a little money and have a stable place to sleep, but some times, it's better not to know where your next meal is coming from or where the hell your body will lay down. So that's where I am now, not "this is how it is for- ever. Fuck jobs and houses. No, this is now. Maybe on the brink of total destruction and not really caring. I'm not between jobs or houses, I'm living my fucking life."



! i am not
! i am not
! i am not
! i am not
! i am not
! i am not

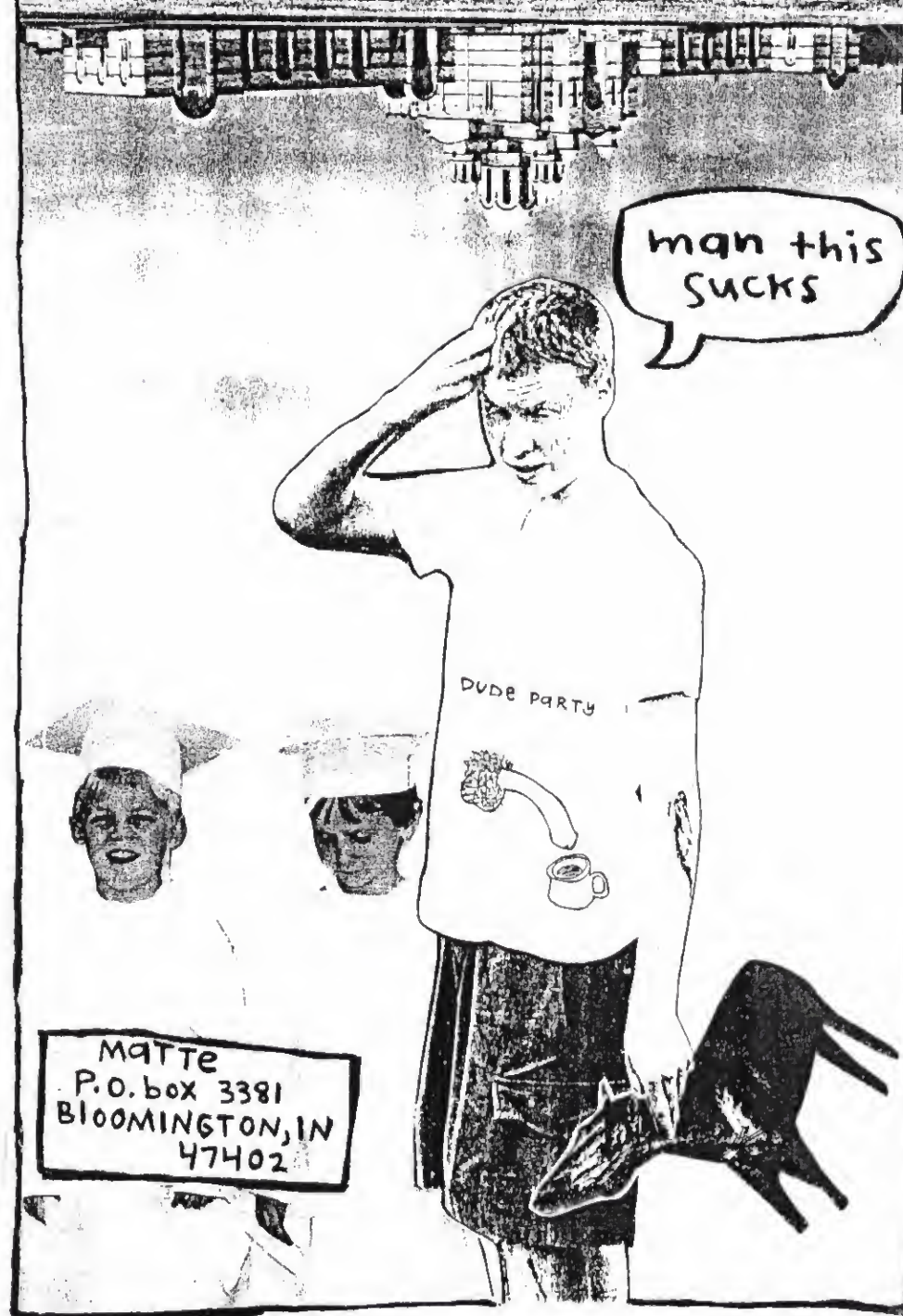
6#



RICE HARVESTER

Page 20

man this sucks #1



WELL MAN, AT LEAST YOU CAN SAY YOU DONE IT



MY MOM TOOK THIS PICTURE JUST
BEFORE WE LEFT FOR OUR BIKE RIDE

"WELL MAN, AT LEAST YOU CAN SAY YOU DONE IT" IS THE NAME OF THE VERY FIRST LINE I EVER DECIDED TO WRITE. THE ZINE IS ABOUT A BIKE TRIP THAT I WENT ON WITH MY BEST FRIEND MONIQUE DURING THE SUMMER OF 2001. THE TRIP LASTED 37 DAYS WE ROODE BIKES 1,500 MILES, HITCH HIKED 600 MILES AND JUMPED ON A TRAIN FOR THE LAST 300 MILES. WE MADE IT AS FAR AS NAMPA, ID FROM BLOOMINGTON, IN. I KEPT A REALLY GOOD JOURNAL, WROTE EVERY SINGLE NIGHT ON THE TRIP AND TOOK TONS OF PICTURES. BETWEEN THE TWO OF US WE TOOK 22 ROLLS OF FILM.

Sometimes you wonder about things like why you ever spent so much time and energy on one person. Why would you walk 40 miles to see her or drive her across the state to pick up her stolen car with a cracked head? Why would you build her a table that she may never use or carry her away from the punk show after she passed out dead drunk in her own puke? Then you stop asking yourself a bunch of questions and realize you were really in fucking love, possibly for the first time in your life. Maybe for the last time as well.

All of this was going through my head in New Orleans as I stepped out of Frady's one stop and into the street without looking. I glanced up and saw the bus coming straight towards me, the one that said "DESIRE" in big bold letters across the top. No, this wasn't some metaphor or a crazy figment of my overly emotional imagination. Desire Street was only a few blocks away and the bus was about to run me down on its way there. I jumped out of the street and the bus tumbled by without even showing a sign of braking... or caring. I sorta half-laughed to myself and decided maybe it was about time to get that girl off of my mind and start getting some shit done. ♡



HISTORY LESSON PT. 3

I like learning the history of different towns that I go to and trying to dig up the past that people may not remember, or even care about for that matter sometimes after you find the evidence you're looking for in books, the physical evidence has been covered over with strip malls and Wal-Mart's. Other times, the strip malls seem to tell their own stories. What about that "Dippin' Dots" place in Pensacola - "The Ice Cream of the Future"? Does anybody else think it's funny that the place is dark and empty with dust on the windows? That new subdivision is where I used to play stickball and ride my bike. The Piggly Wiggly is where I used to play soccer. That warehouse where I broke 4 bones in my foot... well, it's still that fucking warehouse. Just down the street from the public library in Pulaski, TN, you can hang out where the first K.K.K. meeting took place and feel really weird about yourself. It's hard to imagine how it would've been over 100 years ago. I mean, now they could stop at the gas station on the way to the meeting and get 99 cent quarts of Mickey's... and they probably do. I'm wondering that if in 50 years, anyone is going to care about those new dorms on M.L.K. in Chattanooga? And will they even remember that before those dorms were there was an apartment building for low income residents in its place? And before that, even, it was the only medical building in town that admitted black doctors or patients. I guess maybe sometimes I almost forget

So yea I decided to write a zine about it but still have yet to start it. I guess the hard part is done, actually going on the trip. But by the time I was home I was completely insane and the bike trip was the last thing I wanted to think about. When I imagined writing a bike zine I would think of how much I could inspire people to jump on their bikes & get wild but if I would have started writing the zine right when I got home I think the writings would just make people want to die. Any way I just thought sense it will be years before I get around to writing that purrie maybe I would share two journal entries with you the first one is from about 2 days before the trip, it is kind of silly and I go off on stupid rants about how cool I am, and the second entry is from the day after I got home. It took me less than 24 hours to remember that LIFE IS SHIT



Monique took this picture of me on our last day of riding Boise, Idaho

THIS Bike TRIP will be MAN THIS SUCKS #3 it will be MORE of a STORY - day by day NOT Journal entries

COAL, BOLTS, UNIONS, AND DEATH!!

My dad used to take me on deliveries with him for his job working at a nut & bolt warehouse. He usually delivered to old, dirty factories on the outskirts of downtown, exchanging bags of bolts for cash with guys covered head to toe in grease. At 7 years old, this was pretty frightening, sometimes. Another place that he took me was Drummond Coal; a huge coal mine that seemed to stretch for miles all around. Everything that you touched left black marks on your hands, even the paper in the main office. The whole place seemed really weird and somewhat evil. I wouldn't find out exactly how evil it was until years later.

In the early 90's, Drummond started moving their operations to Colombia for cheaper labor and new lands to strip mine. More and more mines in the U.S. were closed and 40 year employees were forced into unemployment with little or no explanation. The company worked with the Colombian government to get ~~rid~~ rid of drug dealers so they could try and gain a good reputation in the eyes of Colombians. It didn't really work. Workers formed unions to gain more rights and guerrillas blew up their main railroad lines, to protest the stripmining and the low wages. Slowly, but surely, more and more union members were kidnapped and murdered, and absolutely nothing has been done about it. Here's a few facts if you have no idea about this (like I did).

- Three out of every five unionists killed in the world today are Colombian.
- In the first two and a half months of 2001, 27 trade unionists in Colombia were either assassinated or disappeared.
- In 1996, 20 union workers at Coca-Cola were murdered or disappeared.

7

you so im nervous im also Really fucking excited. it all started to become a reality up a contraption to fit my racks onto my bike i got to actually see what my bike would look like with all the gear on it. 2 bags on back 2 on front? one on the handle bars my tool kit strapped on soon i would put on my stolen cpu. Monique and i pitched in 50 \$ each to buy a really fancy tent then we pulled off a fancy scam to get the cash back. i just gave it to her because she lent me money to buy my new/used bike. i put up the tent that day "fathers day" to see how long it took and feel how big it was... Very quick, very big we had family over for the day of dads my mom & i made some veggie lasagna and the rest of the family just stalked around squackin' at moe & i.

"you guys will never make it!"
"are you crazy?" "better bring a gun."
Monique got tons of shit over on her side of Greenwood from her family too
"What if you guys get killed or raped?"
Goo fucking damn it.
i would rather be out getting killed than setting in my comfortable home being afraid of getting killed.
Get over it
People and fear just kill me. like when kids are afraid to hand out in a cemetery it is the same as feeling like you need

TO LOVE SOME ONE MORE ON VALTINES DAY
 HORSESHIT!! Hollywood and
 Hallmark HAVE STOLEN all of our souls
 HERE it is and I will TELL you....
 Monique is a young female, I am a young
 male. Neather of us HAVE ROODE our BIKES
 MORE THAN 50 miles in a day BUT we
 ARE going TO RIDE our BIKES across this
 STUDIO fucking country and NOTHING will
 STOP us. WE will find food and places
 TO CAMP EVERY NIGHT and once WE get
 THERE WE will BE INVINCIBLE.... O.K. I will
 CUT THE JOCK SHIT BUT HONESTLY after
 THIS TRIP I will feel AMAZING I will know
 THAT I CAN DO ANYTHING AND FEAR absolutely
 NOTHING... ON JOB applications

LIST SKILLS, ARE you a League citizen,
 SCHOOLS, Bla, Bla, Bla,

I will REPLY

FUCK YOU
 I RODE MY BIKE TO
 CALIFORNIA

GIVE ME MONEY AND
 TONS OF FREE FOOD

• Thirty union teachers a year are murdered.
 • Wages are as low as 56 cents an hour in
 factories producing for export to the U.S.
 So, there's all kinds of labor violations and
 murder going on, but I'll get back to the
 assholes at Drummond, who are killing off people
 who already have one of the most dangerous
 jobs around...

On March 12, 2001, Valmore Locarno, the
 president of a mineworker's union, and Victor
 Oracita, the union's vice president, were finishing
 up negotiations with Drummond over a long-
 standing labor dispute. Mr. Locarno asked Drummond
 management if they could stay overnight at
 the worksite because the two of them had
 been receiving death threats. Drummond denied
 them, just like the Colombian government had
 denied previous requests for protection. The two
 were then taken away on a Drummond-
 owned bus back to their homes. They never made
 it that far though. The bus was stopped by
 armed paramilitaries and Locarno and Oracita
 were forcibly removed. They murdered Mr.
 Locarno on the spot and took Mr. Oracita
 away. No one really knows exactly what
 happened, but he was found, in pieces, the
 next day.

It should be obvious that the Colombian
 government is murdering whoever makes trouble
 for them and that Drummond Coal is doing
 nothing to stop it. I guess when you have too
 many safety restrictions in your own country,
 it's good business practice to move to another
 one and start killing it's workers. Drummond
 is definitely not the only one (or the worst).
 As for my dad, I need to call him and see
 if he still deals with these assfucks...

TALIBANTHRAX VS. SOBRIETY

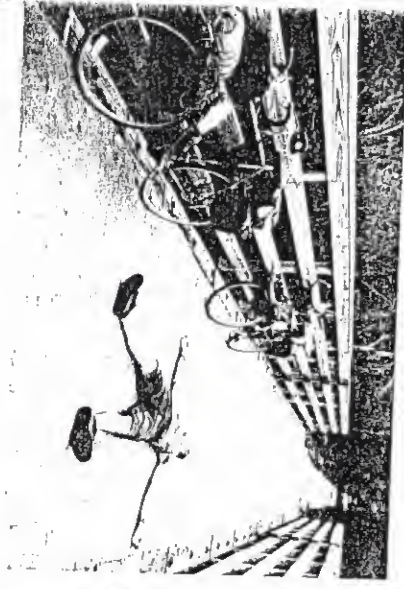
I've been completely obsessed lately with old photos of punk bands from the past. Code of Honor, The Dils, Black Flag, etc, etc. It just seems like all of those bands were just made to take amazing pictures. Like, even if they're just hanging out by the punk show or stuck in the snow in the middle of a 2 month tour, they look like the fuckin' craziest badasses of all time. I'm always confused about why it's so rare that my friends' bands (or my own) have that same quality. We usually look like some of the most awkward, unphotogenic people to ever walk the earth. Maybe those old bands felt the same way.

In pensacola, Cingue, Naomi, and I hung out every day. We spent our time drinking on rooftops, drinking wine in the street, hopping trains, hitchhiking, drinking beer out of the trash, and sleeping on the beach. One day, somebody said, "Hey, you guys look like a band!"

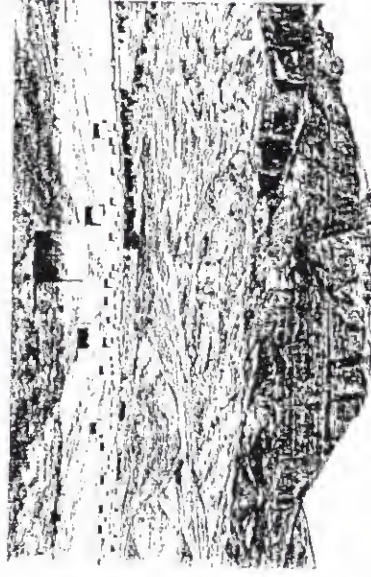
We responded with "Fuck yeah, we're a band!" All we needed now was a name, some instruments, a song or two, and a tough photograph to freeze our place in history.

While hitchhiking from Navarre back to Pensacola, we came up with the name, TALIBANTHRAX. With the new name, in tow, we practiced at Rymo's house while he made banana smoothies. Cingue

Here are some Photos from the Trip

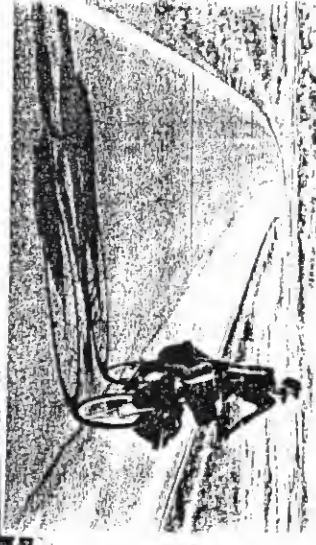


I took a nap.
Monique said it was only 40 minutes
But when I woke I thought it was at least 2 or 3 days



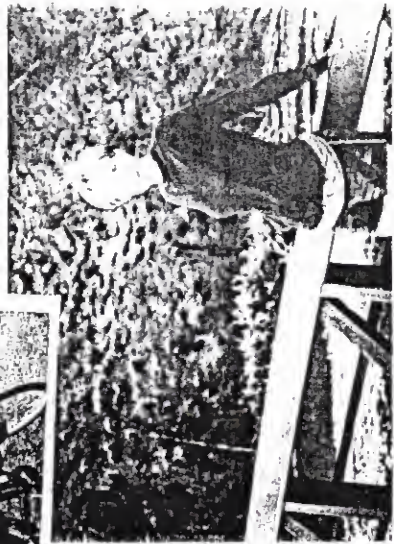
this is loatho

MONIQUE IN THE
BADLANDS
SOUTH DAKOTA



Thats me at a
Natural Bridge in
Yellow Stone





BNIWOM 6403
NI 24BINOW



2403 6403
NI 24BINOW

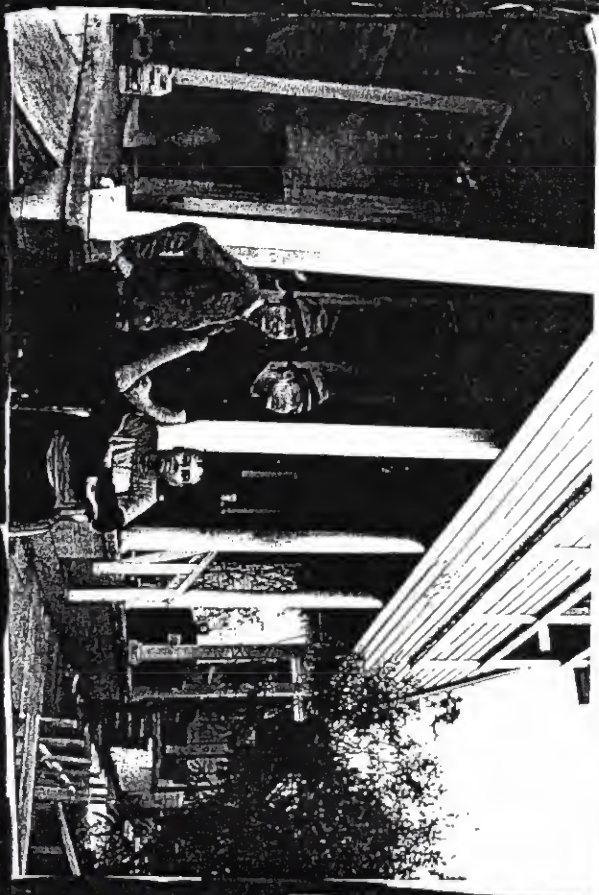


BNIWOM
NI 24BINOW



Our neighbour
while camping in
interior, south Dakota

played guitar, Naomi played the saw, and I had a homemade washtub bass. Now, all we needed was the bad-ass picture to commemorate it all. Abe snapped it in front of the punk house before we all split up to go our separate ways. We were ready to take our place in history next to all the other tough fuck-ups, like Will Shatter or Greg Gian, or D. Boon, or...



we'll keep on trying, I guess...

BIKE
NATION...



David...

I was gonna interview my friends, Dave and Evan. They build boats and ride down rivers and fuck shit up. Modern day pirates, if you will. They also want to start the first punk boat yard. I could never get 'em both together long enough to interview 'em. Maybe next time.

DEVIL'S ELECTRIC TOUR

PR. Rappaport sprayed
all over everyone
on New Years
at the pirate
house.

THIS TIME
you weren't just
operational life
you were
blessed my
son. Let you
sleep on the
floor. And
you ever
afraid of
killers
I walk my dog MAJOR
see a dog every day.
What's your dog name mean?

WE GOT MUGGED
IN GAINESVILLE AFTER
RIDING TO GET FR
AIR FOR MY BIKE DAVE HAD
LOANED ME BY SOME
STUPID DOGS IN A CAR. IT
SUCKED WE WISHED WE WERE
PLAYING 10-LETTER SCRABBLE.
INSTEAD I DIDN'T HAVE ANY MONEY!
DAVE HAD \$12

NEW ORLEANS

their bass player
is a chick! She's
got big titties
whoah
I'm gonna
check that out!

COME CRAWLING
OBEY YOUR MASTER
just cull my vine and
I'll here you SCREAM

IN HOUSTON
A TUMOUR
HEADED REPTILE
BOIL RIDDEN
ASSHOLE
GOT PISSED
WE DID A WAREHOUSE SHOW INSTEAD WE PACKED
IT UP!

GUESS WHAT
dumbest some
PRODUCE
I MADE GRANTA SCARF BUT IT
SMELLED LIKE URINE!
GUESS WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO? MAKE SOUP

SUCK MY DICK
this is MY INTERNET
CAFE!
FINE
LET'S
IT UP
AT CHRIS FOR TRYING TO
MOVE THE P.A. SPEAKERS
WHEN I GOT HOME I SHIT
IN MY PANTS WHEN I WOKUP.
OH NO!

BY SAM

20

ANTHRAX VS. BLOOMINGTON?

When I'm walking around town here, I always notice these little piles of white powder everywhere I go. It's not just like a little pile every few blocks. It's like 5 piles per block sometimes. At first, I didn't think too much about it, until someone told me that they saw an older guy walking around, late at night, with a bag and dropping little piles of white powder everywhere. Since then, I've been mildly obsessed.

I ride around sometimes at night and look for him, just maybe to ask him what he's up to. I never have any idea where to start looking though because I've seen it everywhere: downtown, the trainyard, the forest, by the opportunity house, outside of the Hub, and even around the mall. Some days, I expect to see a pile of it when I step inside the house I'm staying at. I still haven't found him, but I'm not giving up yet.

FOUND'S HUNCHIN' Down The Track

From You
CAUT WIN
by: Jack
Black

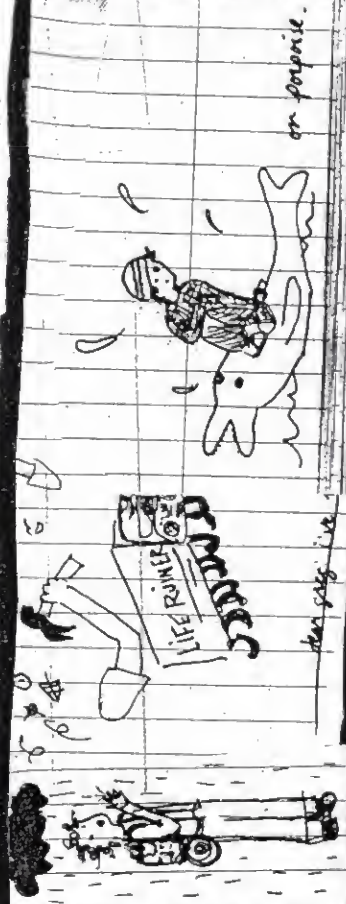
I knew I was wrong, and yet I persisted. I was possible of any explanation it is this: From the day I left my father my lines had been cast, or I cast them myself, among crooked people. I had not spent one hour in the company of an honest person. I had lived in an atmosphere of theft, theft, crime. I thought in terms of the Hub, were built to be burglarized, citizens were to be harassed, and thieves to be cultivated and protected. That was my code; the code of my companions. If you live with it, learn to howl."

Dec. 26th, 2001 - Drunk hell - Fucking broken teeth and duct tape and stolen alcohol and sleeping contaminated fields, and broken and dreams and dreams and not breath warming your ears and fuck it. I want to be back on that beach, waking up and seeing 15 of my friends sprawled out and around me (but without Zak going to the hospital this time). I don't want this bullshit feeling in my heart that knows that everything could fall apart at any second.

Jan 2nd - New Year's was a big party and making out with way too many people. I blacked out, but woke up in my sleeping bag, alone, with my shoes off, in Cindy's van. It was pretty nice. We rode to Crescent Beach, where Evan and Dan were naked in the ocean. I napped in the van thinking about [redacted]. We left Florida today and now we're stuck at a truck stop in the middle of Georgia in the snow. I think we'll be here all night. 5 people, 3 dogs, a bunch of food, and 2 12 packs. I think this will be a good year.

PART 6? RUINED?

So, there we were stuck. She threw her umbrella at a passing car that honked at us. I woke up in the morning under a bridge, in the rain, in Atlanta, shivering, next to my ex-girlfriend. It sounds like a horrible ending to a bad story. Well, it is! You don't need to know the rest...



SO ANY WAY ABOUT AN HOUR AGO WHILE MOE, CHRIS & JIM WERE AT ~~THE~~ THE WASHINGTON HOUSE DURING ONE TRIP I DID THE ONE THING THAT TO ME MEANT IT WAS ALL OVER I KISSED THE DAMN HOUSE GOOD BYE...

THERE WAS THIS GIANT TREE BRANCH THAT WAS TWICE THE SIZE OF MERTHAT I DROVE HOME LATE ONE NIGHT AFTER A HUGE STORM JIM MONIQUE & I WERE UP BEING STUPID HANGING OUT ON THE PORCH EATING LEFT OVER COOKIES WE DECIDED TO WEDGE THE TREE BRANCH UP IN THIS HOLE ON THE CORNER OF OUR PORCH LEAVING IT DANGLING RIDICULOUSLY IN THE WAY OF OUR FRONT DOOR. I REMEMBER THERE WAS A PARTY GOING ON NEXT DOOR & WE WERE MAKING TALKS ABOUT HOW WE WERE WAY TOO COOL TO GO HANG OUT WITH THOSE JERKS. WE ENDED UP GOING BUT ONLY IN HOPES OF FREE FOOD. WE DEFINITELY WEREN'T GOING OVER THERE TO HANG OUT OR ANYTHING, NO WAY NOT US. WE HAD A STEALTH MISSION TO TRY TO STEEL AS MANY DRINKS AS WE COULD INCLUDING THERE CUPS AND JUST MAKE A HUGE LIE OF DRINKS ACROSS OUR TABLE ON THE PORCH WELL WE QUICKLY FORGOT ABOUT THAT DO TO A TRUTH OR DARE INCIDENT INVOLVING A KID STICKING A TAMPON UP HIS BUTT HOLE HUMMMM... after a while we ended UP WALKING AROUND IN THE RAIN AND WOUND UP BACK ON THE PORCH WE TRIED TO HANG X-MASS LIGHTS ON THE TREE BRANCH BUT THEY BROKE HALF WAY THROUGH. THAT WAS THE LAST NIGHT OF PURE STUPIDITY AND HONEST FUN THAT I HAD AT THAT HOUSE IT WASN'T ANYTHING ALL THAT EXCITING JUST HAVING JIM THERE HANGING OUT & US THREE BEING IDIOTS. MONIQUE STAYED OVER THAT NIGHT AND WE ALL FORGOT ABOUT EVERYTHING IN THE MORNING.

WELL NOT ME.

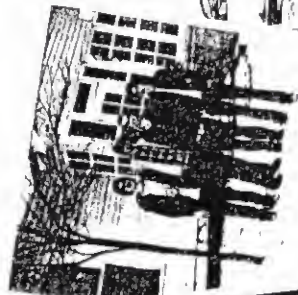
TODAY I TOOK DOWN THE BRANCH I JUST TOSSED IT IN THE SIDE YARD. I DON'T EVEN THINK ANY ONE NOTICED IT WAS GONE. EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE HOUSE WAS GONE TOO WITHIN THE NEXT 10 HOURS.

SO WE MOVED IT ALL OVER TO THE A-HOLE FROM THE ARCHIBALD HOUSE. YOU KNOW THERE HAVE BEEN TONS OF BUILDINGS AND SECRET SPOTS TAKEN AWAY FROM MY PAST, ITS ALL PRETTY TERRIBLE. PLACES THAT I REALLY CARE ABOUT I HAVE HAD TO WATCH GET TOWN DOWN AND REPLACED BY YUPPIE SCUM BUT YOU KNOW WHAT. IF IT WERE TO HAPPEN TO 414 S. LINCOLN. I WOULDN'T GIVE A HALF G SHIT

HERES TO THE ~~WORST~~ YEAR OF MY LIFE.
LAMEST



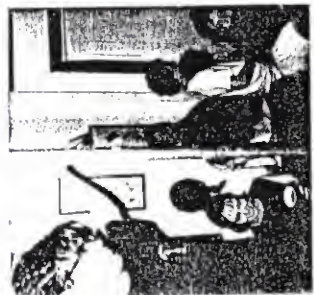
the archibald kitchen
matte.



the family



Jim
BRENDON



party at the archibald house.
1-19-01



the office



Alex
Dinner Party
alison

WHAT RACE WAR???

Growing up, my neighbors always kept their garage door open so that you always had a good view of their station wagon that barely ran. There was a closet in the back of that garage that was always locked and it became a big mystery in my life. "What was in there that had to be locked up all the time?" I thought every time I walked in there. One day, I finally asked The kid, Reggie, who lived there. He was a couple of years older than me and he liked to bully me around. When I asked him what was behind the door, his eyes lit up as he ran inside and got the key. When he opened it, my eyes saw a pile of guns and an even bigger pile of ammunition. "What is all this for?" I asked. "For the upcoming race war" he said back. "Huh?" "You know, it's getting to that point. The blacks (he probably didn't say 'blacks') are gonna attack and as white people, we have to be ready to retaliate," he explained. Being a very young, impressionable kid, I ran home and asked my mom if we should prepare for the upcoming race war. My mom asked where I heard this and instructed me to never talk to that kid again.

SHIT SPLIT REVISITED

I like how she sang "WE THE PUNKS ARE OUT TONIGHT! WE'RE GONNA START A RIOT, WHAT A SIGHT!!" loud and proud on her bike, without a hint of sarcasm like she'd just heard that song for the first time, like a huge revelation. She hadn't listened to that album every day in high school like we did and it was refreshing to hear it again with such enthusiasm. I asked "How come we aren't that tough? Why don't we go out and start a fucking riot?" Billy, broken and jaded at 20, replied, "Those guys probably never started any kind of riot so I'm sure it's okay." "Hmmm..." we rode on through the night, singing more anthems from our past like we'd just heard them yesterday.

GIVE UP..

I've been studying spontaneous combustion a little bit lately.

One method of it is to totally and completely give up on life so hard that your soul leaves your body. In turn, your body has nothing left to keep it going so that you burn from the inside to get rid of the vessel. Sometimes, I get a little worried now when I exclaim "I GIVE UP!" like that's H. I'm just gonna go up in flames one day.

Ex-postman admits act of fecal assault

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—A former postal employee admitted he splattered porcine feces and worms on co-workers after he was fired for poor job performance.

James M. Beal pleaded guilty Tuesday in U.S. District Court to four counts of assaulting or impeding a federal worker. He faces three to 12 years in prison when he is sentenced in March.

Beal, 62, told Judge Gordon Quint that he was angry about being fired Oct. 17 as relief postmaster in Empire, a town about 225 miles northwest of Detroit. The next day, he returned with two 5-gallon buckets filled with feces and worms and splattered his former co-workers. He had gathered the sludge in the woods.

"I let my anger with this sort of overrule my judgments," Beal told the judge.

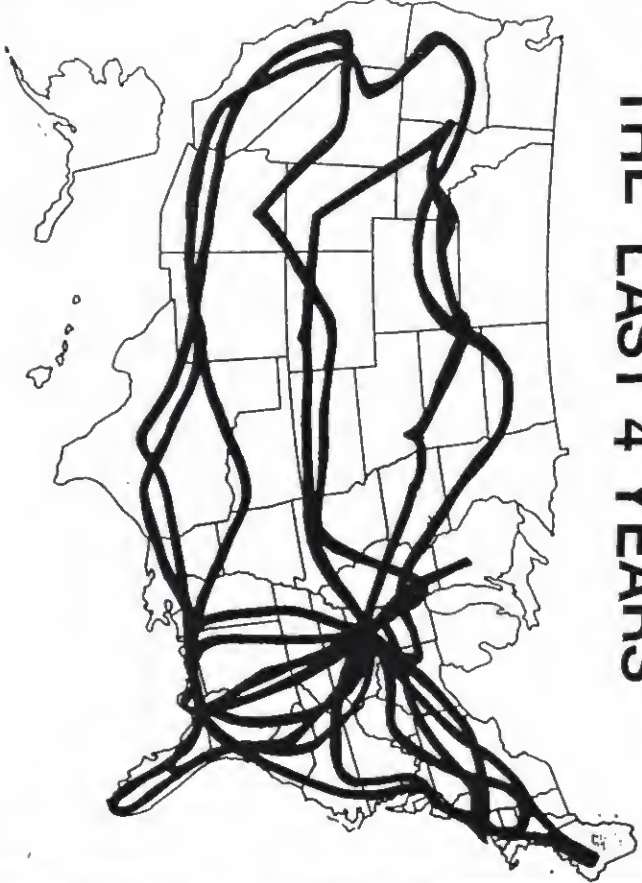
Attorney Paul Denetize said Beal should receive six months or less in prison because it was Beal's first brush with the law.

—YOU STILL CAN'T WIN, OR CAN YOU?

I always seem to romanticize things a lot and make them sound better than they actually were, like one of the first punk shows I went to. It was the Cramps, back when they were still good. It was a cheap show, the people were crazy dancers, punks everywhere, and tons of fucking fun.

Recently, I found the ticket stub for that show when I was going through all my old stuff. It was put on by Ticketmaster and it costed \$15.00. That's not cheap at all. A lot of the real memories came flooding back in my head: violent crowd, a few skidheads, countless boots to the back of the skull, and the Cramps were actually getting kinda bad then. Come to think of it, that ~~hit~~ hit and run show at the gas station with the Gay Planets, Puppy vs. Dyslexia, and the Meanagers the other day was a lot better and more fun. Fuck the old days. They sucked anyway.

WHAT HAVE I DONE WITH THE LAST 4 YEARS



All Through Middle School and High School I had always said it was my goal to see every state before I turn twenty. That was before I had ever left my home town. I never knew exactly what I was talking about & I don't think I really ever thought it would happen. I read a few books about California and New York & it just seemed like the thing to say and twenty just seemed so far away. I always said yea I'm gonna start a band & play shows & tour. I'm just gonna make enough money to sleep & eat that night & enough gas money to get to the next show. Fuck yea it will be so sweet that was back when I thought Avail was a punk band. Uh-huh it's gotta be tough....

HEY,
I can't remember the day that I woke up and it all seemed fucked. Like all of us just forgot how to live with ourselves or each other. We also forgot how to drink by the train tracks or even leave the house anymore. We forgot how to hang out with the obnoxious ones rather than just locking ourselves in the closet again. If I show up on your porch now, you won't invite me in to play music and throw drumsticks at my head in mid-song. You'll give me a soda and ask if I want to watch some shitty movie, and we'll be in D.C., not Birmingham. At some point, the cops became your friend and they protect you... from me and my friends. I can't hitch out to the studio in Madison to record our band because you'll be at home with your kids. You probably wouldn't care now if I threw away your 50 piss bottles that were stacked up neatly on the shelf. Actually, I'm sure that they're in the landfill now and you've started using a toilet. I feel really bad now that I came really close to burning your house down, but you really didn't need that James Dean poster.

Sometimes I wish I could remember what it looked like when you used to smile and I sorta wish that I would've left you in Montana so I could've turned your life instead of letting that girl do it. I guess we could hang out all night and watch the sun come up over that one train bridge in Decatur again, but this time, we'd probably

So by the time I turned 15 I had sorta learned about how fucked up money is, and how lame school is and that it's really mean to call people fags and that Avail was not a punk band at all. In fact they were destroying my life. It was their fault that I had never left town. It was going to there shows that made me feel like the shows I was playing at the community center were shit. It was them and their 45¢ sweat shirts that made me think I could never do any thing. And to this day it is them and Modest Mouse that make some of my closest friends too self conscious to just rock out with me and start shitty punk bands. So when I turned 16 I was sick and tired of sittin around saying MAN THIS SUCKS, I decided to go out & do something about it. I ended up quitting school and leaving home. I went on tour with some really bad bands. I traveled a few times by my self. I payed rent a couple times & just stuck around in Bloomington & finally just with in the last year I ~~found~~ found my true passion and that is riding my bike really far. So a couple days ago I decided to draw out a map of all the trips I've been on in the past 4 years. 20 is just around the corner and been to 47 states. I don't really give a shit about my old goal any more. I use to think that traveling was just something I had to get done while I was young but now I know that it is a major part of my life. Yea I'll make it to those other states some time but for now I've got other goals. I've been workin and paying rent in Bloomington all winter and I'm about to go ape shit. I decided that a month from now I will leave town again. I have quite a few trips I'd planned lots involving bikes. I want to go hang out in Idaho some and work on the farm again during the summer. Who knows

O hate each other in the morning.
Instead of going to the airport at
7 A.M., we'd go straight home and not
talk to each other, again, for a whole
year. It hurts me to see what you've
turned into and I know you feel the
same way about me. I wish I could
say, "I'd love to see you again!", but
it would be a lie.

Take care and eat
glass,
- Greg

-RANDUMB QUOTES

"Punk's dead when my pants come off" - Ed
"What other neighborhood can you live in
where a guy named Big Dick Bastard
tries to sell you your own bike?"

- Brontez

"I just wandered away and forgot
everything, which is how I'd like to
live my life." - Paul Enema

"My turd had a big bump on it. It
freaked me out and I threw it
back in the toilet." - Quannah
"You can never burn too many bridges
and lose enough friends." - Cindy
"It's a good place to drink coffee and
feel weird about yourself." - Cole
"The reason I laughed when I told you
that morbid shit is because you just
stepped in a big puddle of my pee"
- Matte

MAIL ORDER

HALF-DAY RECORDS



man this
sucks

beg 7" \$2.00
5 SONGS & STICKER

THIS BAND STARTED OUT AS A JOKE
BUT ACCIDENTALLY LASTED OVER A YEAR
THEY STILL PLAY TOO. THAT IS WHEN
EVER THEY REMEMBER THAT THEY ARE
A BAND. OH YEA THEY ARE A TOP
BAND. THEY PLAN ON PLAYING OUT OF
TOWN A LOT DURING THE SUMMER OF 2002
SO IF YOU BOOK ALL AGES SHOWS GIVE
THEM A CALL - 812-335-0180. THAT IS
THE # FOR THE A-HOLE BLOOMINGTON
ASH FOR JIM

DUMPER TAPE #3
GIANT BAGS of weed

21 KINDA FAST, KINDA RUGGED, PUNK ROCK SONGS
ABOUT BEING IN LOVE, TRAVELING and BEING PISSED
OFF SOME TIMES. THIS BAND USUALLY COMES TOGETHER
IN BLOOMINGTON. BUT HALF OF THEM ARE FROM
CHATTANOOGA. THIS TAPE IS 2.00 \$

IM USUALLY WORKING ON SOME SORT OF TAPE OR
VIDEO OF A WEIRD RANDOM PERFECT. ILL GET EXCITED
ABOUT SOMETHING, DO IT AND FORGET ABOUT IT A MONTH
LATER. SO IF YOU ARE INTO LAME SHIT YOU SHOULD
WRITE ME AND I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IM UP TO.
RIGHT NOW I AM WORKING ON SOME VIDEO STUFF ABOUT
BOATS AND ROCK AND ROLL. OH YEA WE MIGHT
BE PUTTING OUT A SHOTWELL LP IF IT HAPPENS
IT WILL BE 2 MONTHS FROM NOW AND COST \$5.00

maybe all the plans I have will fall apart
maybe none of them will happen. But I guess
that would mean something else will be happening
& that's good enough for me. My little sister
and I have been talking she thinks she will
be ready to leave Greenwood two years from
now & by that time I will be ready to slow down
again and maybe wash some dishes for another year
& Bloomington. We say we will maybe get a
house together & I really hope that happens. A few
weeks ago my friend Chris asked me if I remember
back in middle school hangin out on roof tops
smokin stolen cigars until 4:00 A.M. talkin about
lame shit & watching the stars... I thought
to myself of course I fucking remember that's
what I do & that is what im gonna do for
the rest of my life. But all I said was
"yeh man that was fuckin cool"

AFEW MORE FAILED ATTEMPTS

There were stories I started on, but didn't work out for some reason. Either it got boring or all the details weren't needed. Either way, I sorta like what got left over. Enjoy...

I guess what I'm really trying to say is, theres a whole lot of fucking going on at most American truckstops.

I mean, I never want to be in my sleeping bag on top of a van somewhere in Kentucky in the rain while state troopers are snooping around below and repeatedly saying to myself, "will someone please just shoot me" in the head right now.. It's that bad sometimes, but I realize that it could be much much worse.

America has been dropping food rations on Afghanistan, but the packages are the same color as the landmines. So, what happens when someone tries to pick up a landmine, mistaking it for food? And what happens when you drop a box of food from a plane and it goes through someones roof? These are the questions they never answer.

Growing older, most of the "crusties" that I met grew up, cleaned up, became parents, or died slowly, day by day. The newer ones, that took their place over the last few years all seemed to be dirty kids that listened to top 40 radio. I'm not always sure how I feel about them, but, hell, I'll get drunk with them.

LAST MINUTE NOTE: DON'T FORGET TO SHOOTGUN A BEER WITHIN 24 HOURS OF REGAN'S DEATH - FOR PUNK SOLIDARITY.

LAST MIN. L.A. MOUT

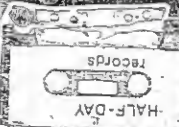
IF YOU CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG FOR THE SHOT WELL L.P. YOU SHOULD LOOK UP SPAM RECORDS THEY ARE DOING THE C.D. AND IT IS REALLY GOOD

I THINK I MIGHT MAKE A NICE CHUNK OF CASH WORKING ON A FARM THIS SUMMER & IM GONNA BLOW IT ALL ON PUTTING OUT RECORDS FOR MY FRIENDS BANDS SO KEEP YOUR EARS PEELLED FOR THE HALF-DAY RECORDS ALSO I THINK I MIGHT GET THE HANG OF THIS ZINE CRAP TOO SO MAN THIS SUCKS #2 WILL BE OUT BY SUMMER OF 2002 IT IS ABOUT SQUATING IN CHATTANOOGA, TN ROCKIN OUT A BIT AND RIDING MY BIKE BACK HOME TO BLOOMINGTON, IN THATS ALL FOR NOW

mate

P.O. BOX 3381
BLOOMINGTON, IN
47402

CHECKS ARE FOR LAME DUCKS SEND CASH OR TONS OF STAMPS TO



CALLING ALL PUNK



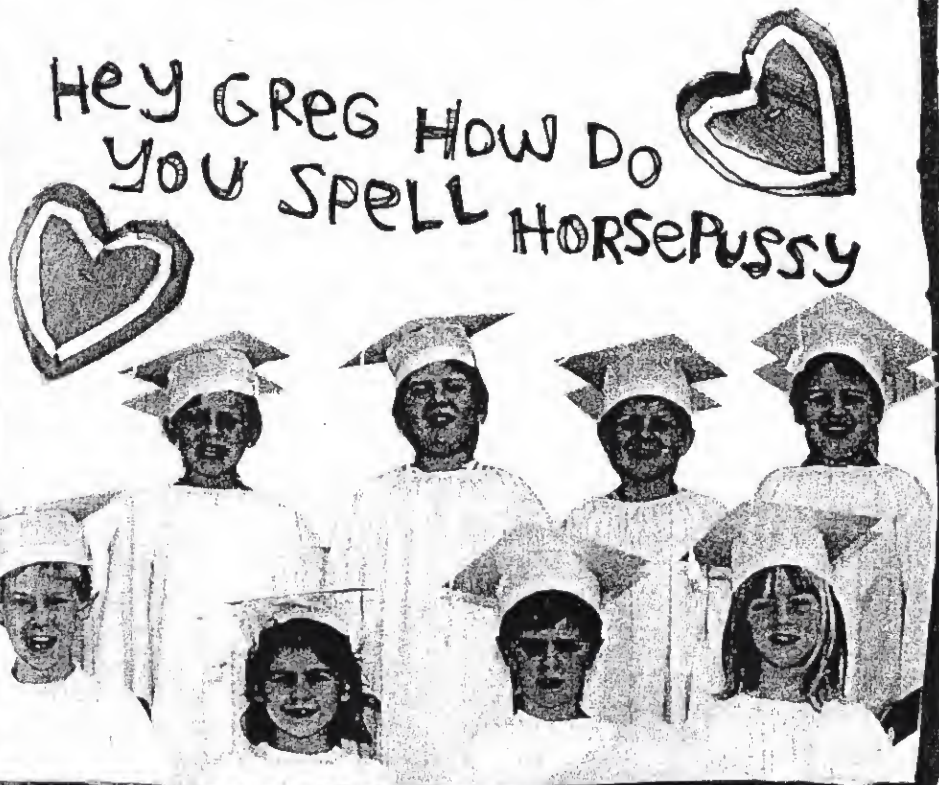
THE NEXT PROJECT I AM WORKING ON IS A PRETTY LONG TERM THING. I AM TRYING TO MAKE A VIDEO DOCUMENTARY ABOUT PUNK ROCK THESE DAYS. I STARTED OUT JUST CLIPPING MY FRIENDS DOING ALL KINDS OF POKIN SHIT THEN I STARTED TO THINK ABOUT ALL THE AMAZING THINGS KIDS ARE DOING THESE DAYS. THE PUNK ROCK BOAT YARD IN CHATTANOOGA, THE BEACH SHOWS IN P-OLA, ALL THE GENERATOR SHOWS OUT IN S.F. THERE IS SO MUCH GOING ON AND IM SO I DECIDED THAT IM GONNA BRING A VIDEO CAMERA AROUND THE COUNTRY WITH ME EVERYWHERE I GO FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS AND TRY TO PUT SOMETHING TOGETHER THAT MIGHT DO US ALL SOME JUSTICE... IF YOU ARE DOING ANYTHING COOL IN YOUR TOWN YOU SHOULD TELL ME & ILL STOP BY EVEN IF YOU THINK YOU SHOULD SUCKS I WOULD LOVE TO JUST COME & HAND OUT ME

half day records 107
VIDEO PRODUCTION LAB

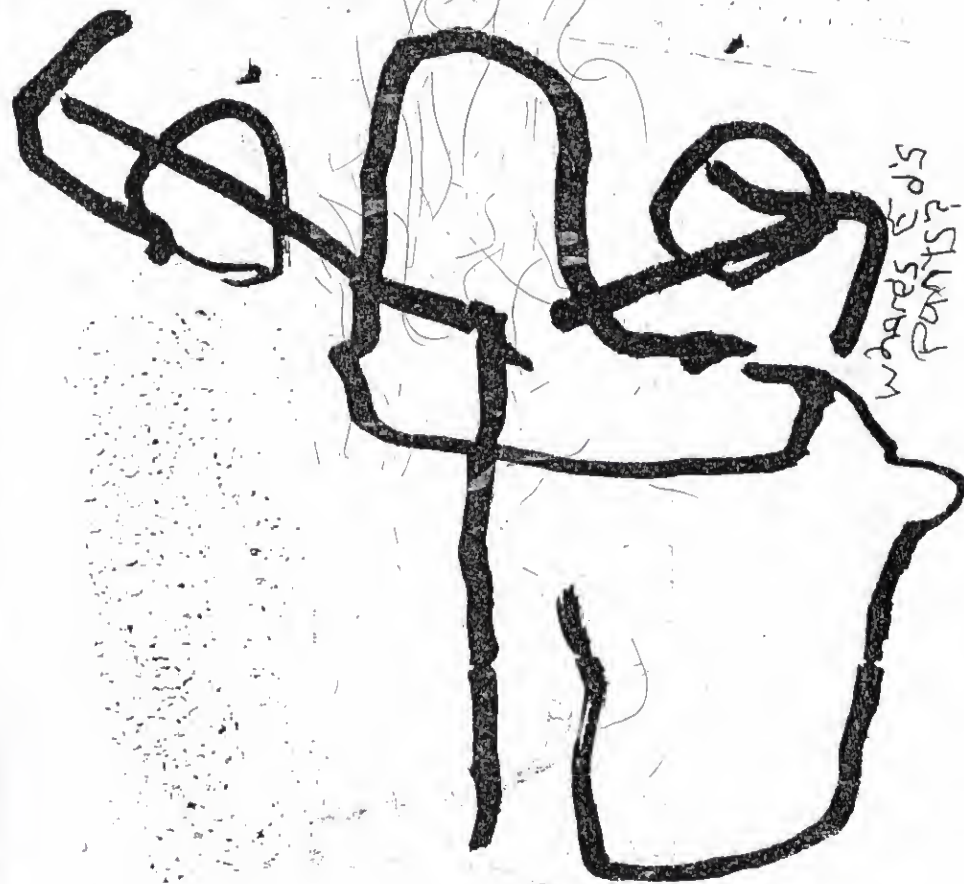
LAST MIN. L.A. MOUT



HEY GREG HOW DO
YOU SPELL HORSEPUSSY



RICE HARVESTER
P.O. Box 1581, CHATTANOOGA, TN.
37401



is stuck
in a
sawyer